



Announcements

good contents:

1. We have started a new advertising initiative with Whole Foods! We will keep readers posted about progress.

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to: nemedia@wholefoods.com
date: Tue, Nov 21, 2017 at 2:36 PM
subject: Publication
mailed-by: gmail.com

Atelier Cloud Cellar <pander2ourselves@gmail.com>
to nemedia

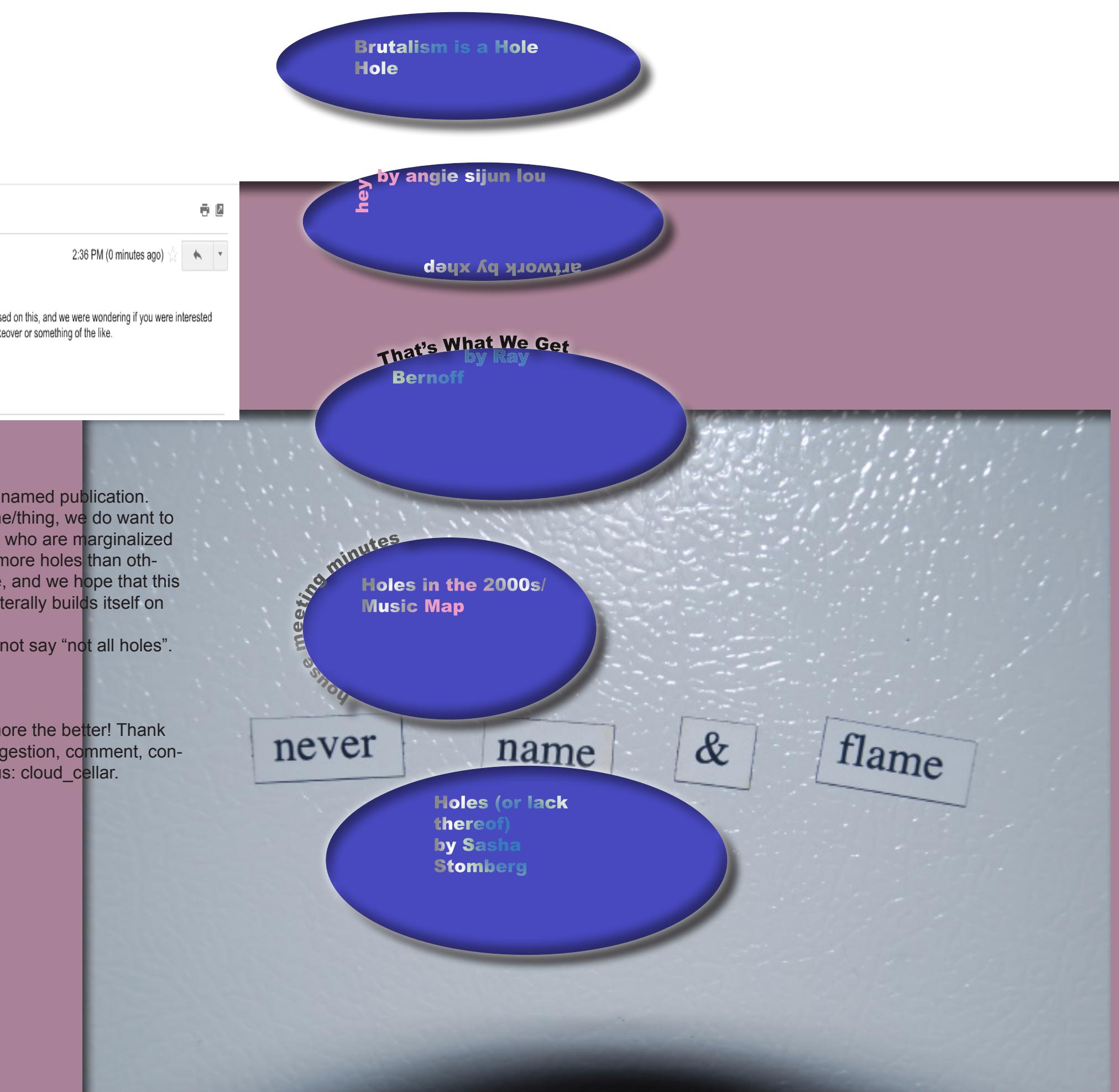
To whom it concerns,
We are a small, digitally self-published publication dealing in whole holes. We think that we may share some values based on this, and we were wondering if you were interested in any advertising or sponsorship opportunities. We work with all types of media and would be open to an Instagram takeover or something of the like.
We look forward to hearing from you.
Sincerely,
Atelier Cloud Cellar

fingers crossed :-)

Wholes are everywhere, as you will see, der readers, in this issue of our unnamed publication. While we do not directly address them in the contents of this issue/magazine/thing, we do want to say that gaps and holes unfortunately litter life and let people--mostly those who are marginalized thru some facet of their life or identity--slip thru cracks. Some people have more holes than others, and some are more whole than others. In any case, the whole is a hole, and we hope that this issue communicates this with humor if not holistic perspective. Capitalism literally builds itself on holes.

Holes are also important to life, however, and they are not All Bad. We will not say "not all holes". That would be absurd.

We will begin to take submissions for the next issue at any point, and the more the better! Thank you for all who have submitted to this issue. We also welcome critique, suggestion, comment, concern. E-mail to pander2ourselves@gmail.com or go on instagram and dm us: cloud_cellar.



“In a hole” “out of a hole” “butthole”

Holes are constant. They may facilitate, as in the case of orifices, but they may also be something on which you trip or fall into. We call on you, as readers = absence. Not in the sense of opposites, because different day. Still, absence only exists with presence, otherwise we wouldn’t be here to talk about holes.

to consider the hole as a whole abstract. That is, holes opposites are different and, frankly, a discussion for a

So, if a **hole = absence of a material** (to put it simply),

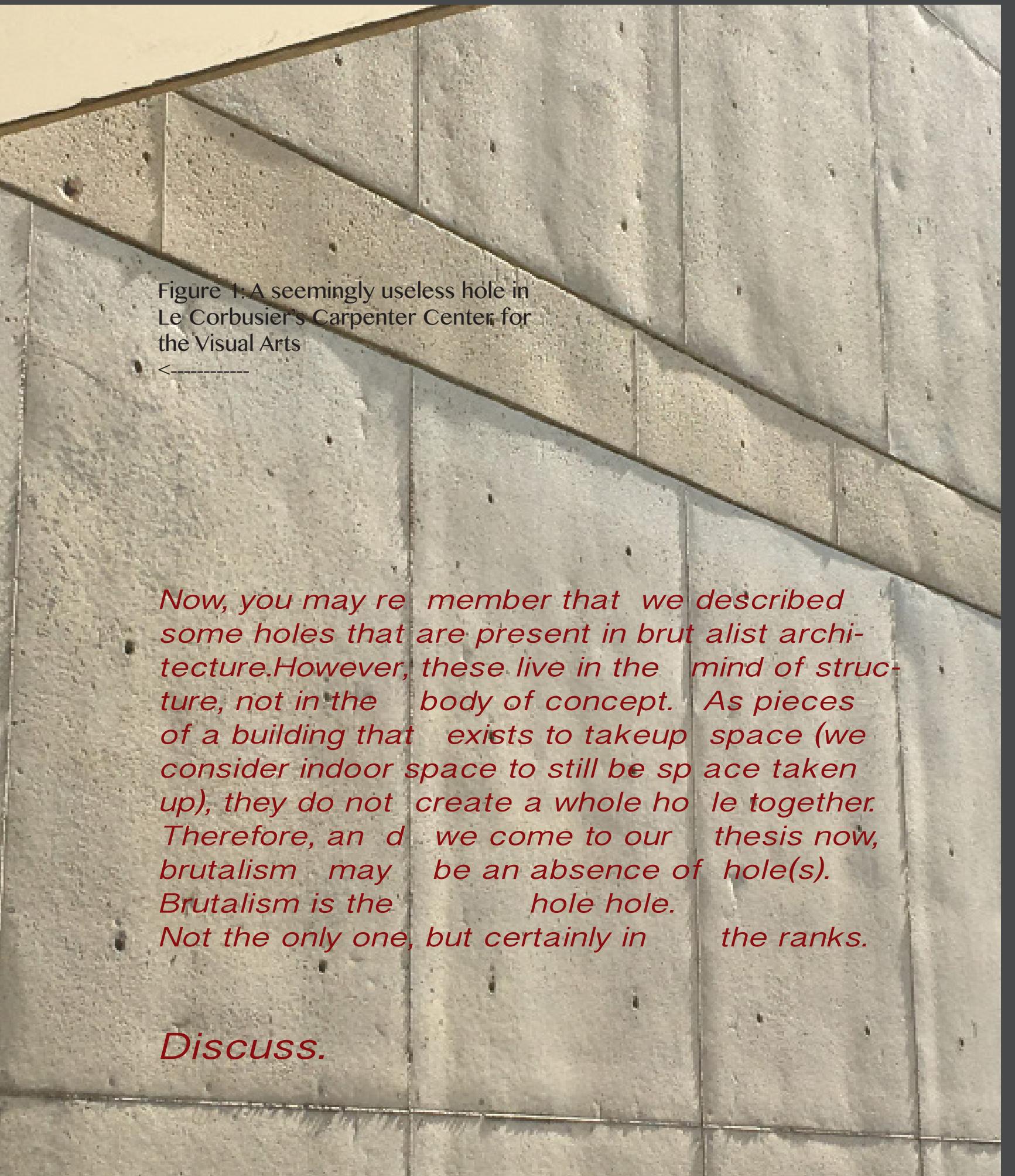
then how can one define brutalism? While overused (some might say, I don't), the -ism refers to a style from the first half of the 20th century and intermingled with both utopian ideals and fascism (Le Corbusier was a libra, after all). Because brutalism's tenets (pretty regardless of whose you use) tend towards material that allows for “free design”, there are often many holes. Holes for skylights, for looking, or for no obvious reason.

(see figure 1)

in Structural Holes
brutalism, now estab
lished, only contribute part
of the story. Look around at the
images we've selected (curation is
manipulation, mind you) and see what
you see. You might discover something
called an edge or a corner or a block.
These are certainly not holes. They take
up space, they do not allow for look-
ing, the flow of water, the flow of light,
or downward movement (i.e. falling).
In architecture, it's not so unusual for
holes to coexist with these shapes, but

brutalism exhibits
the relationship
very obviously,
for all eyes to
see.





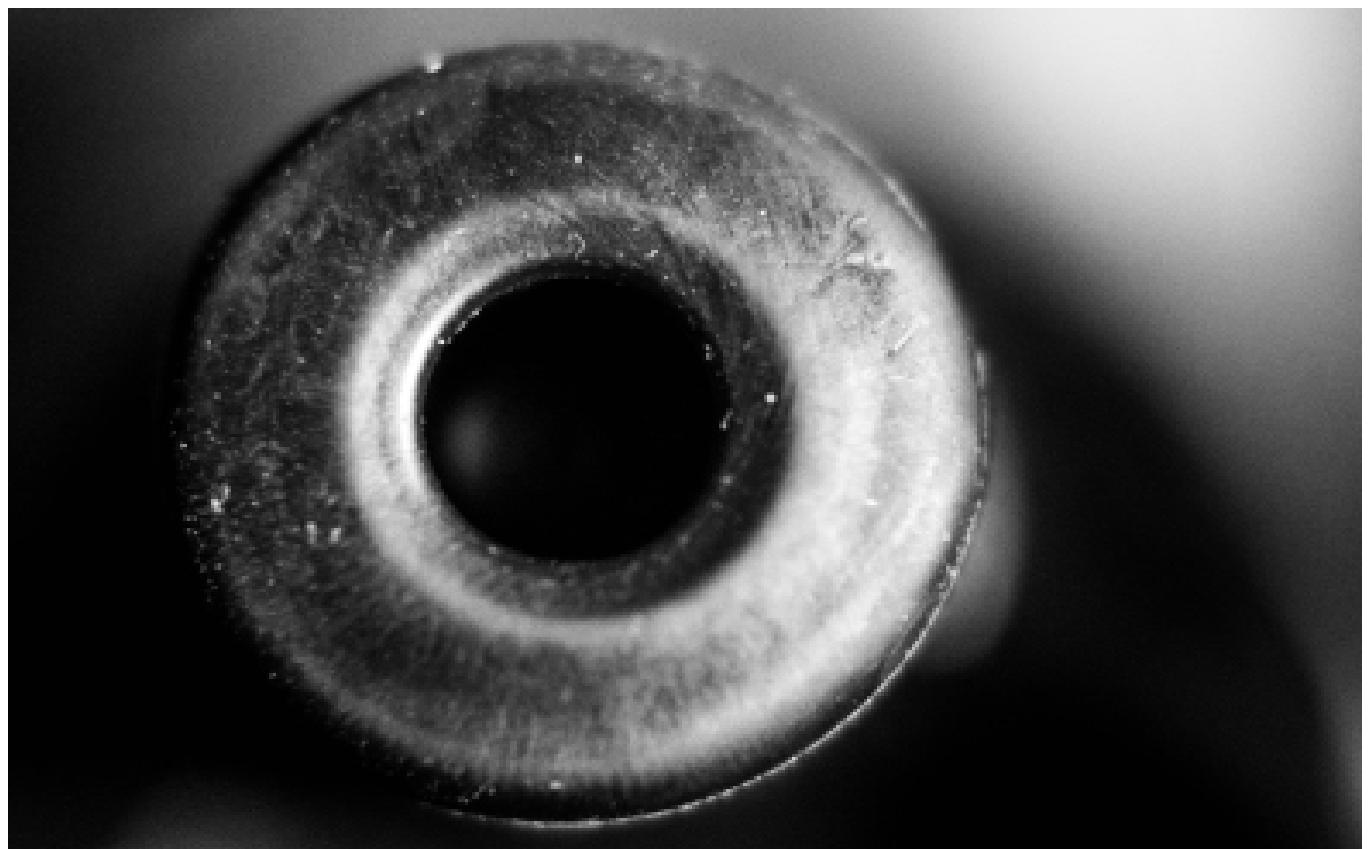


Hey
Hey

I made a playlist called songs
that remind me of nothing so far
I have ocean sounds and the TV
tuned to a dead channel I play it
on loop at CVS in my hand
canned beans hydrogen peroxide
a fistful of drowsy it takes two
weeks to exit some beds I slept
through my alarms woke up
for my mothers call she found
my number on a bathroom stall
it said dial this for a bad time
my father bored at home
shoots a gun at a pile of laundry
bang bang emergency family
conference he says sorry
it's just the waiting it makes me
curious we ask questions like
do you wake up or open your
eyes first mostly he forgets
dreams and gags on aquamint
foam it is a chore to soak up
the tainted and cough out some



pure in the blinking dark I run
out of new ways to photograph
myself taking off these same
clothes and why should I believe
lotus flowers are real when
I've never witnessed one last
winter you showed me a picture
of lotus roots photoshopped
over skin and said look how real
this is look but the only thing
that became real was my fear
of holes



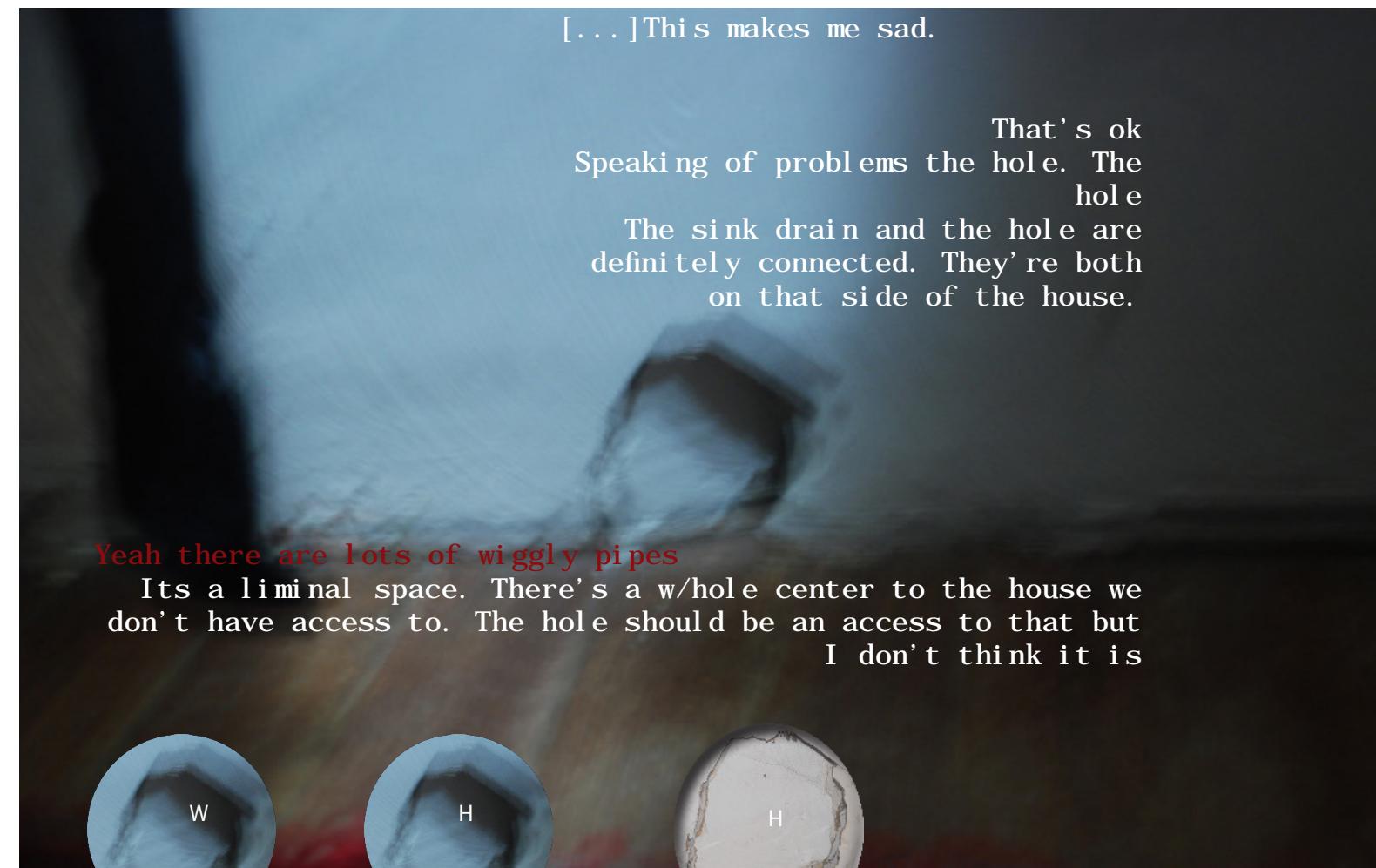


Meeting Minutes abt the hole in the closet, 10/22 at 11:22



I brought some of your tobacco with me but I didn't use it.

With you Where
Into the woods, I didn't know if I'd
want to smoke something there[...]





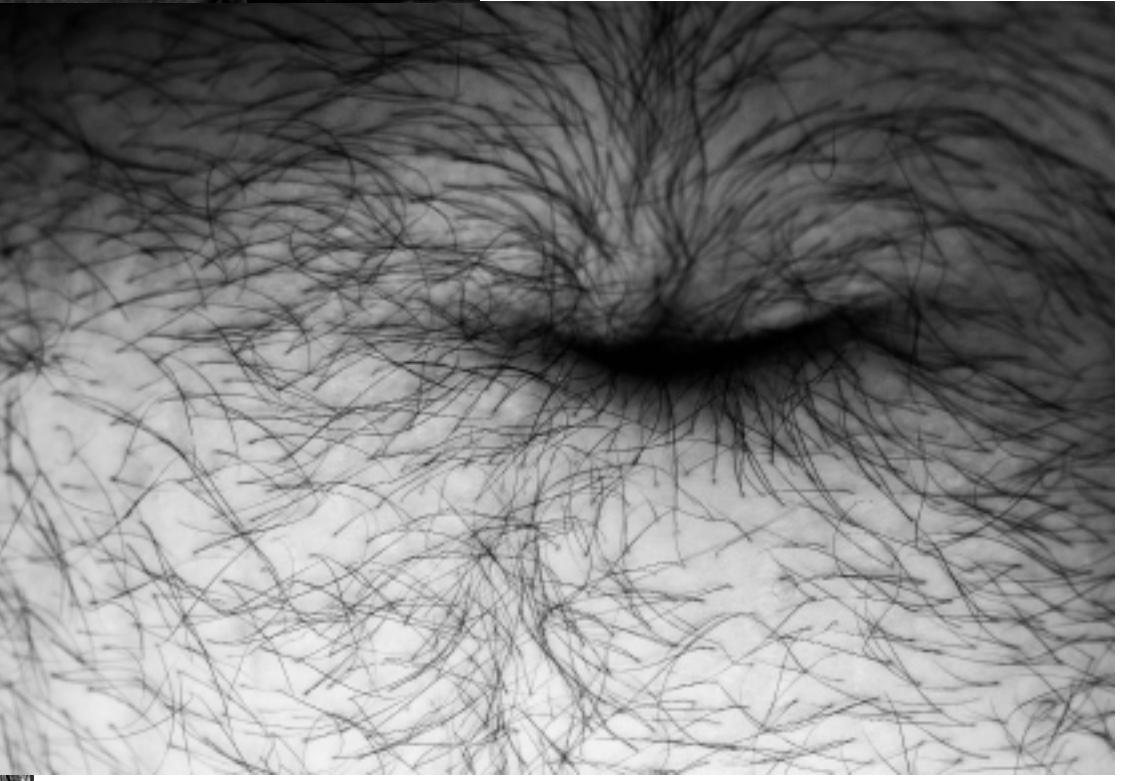
This is the chimney that comes to the ceiling. And it is behind the hole in the closet, but that space that the flap taps, the flap can't get all the way.
That space is blocked by the flop.

If you were like Tom and Jerry like through the wall, the mouse would just come straight out into the space because it could only but from the other way it would just close it.
So I'm terrified that I'll see it closed...

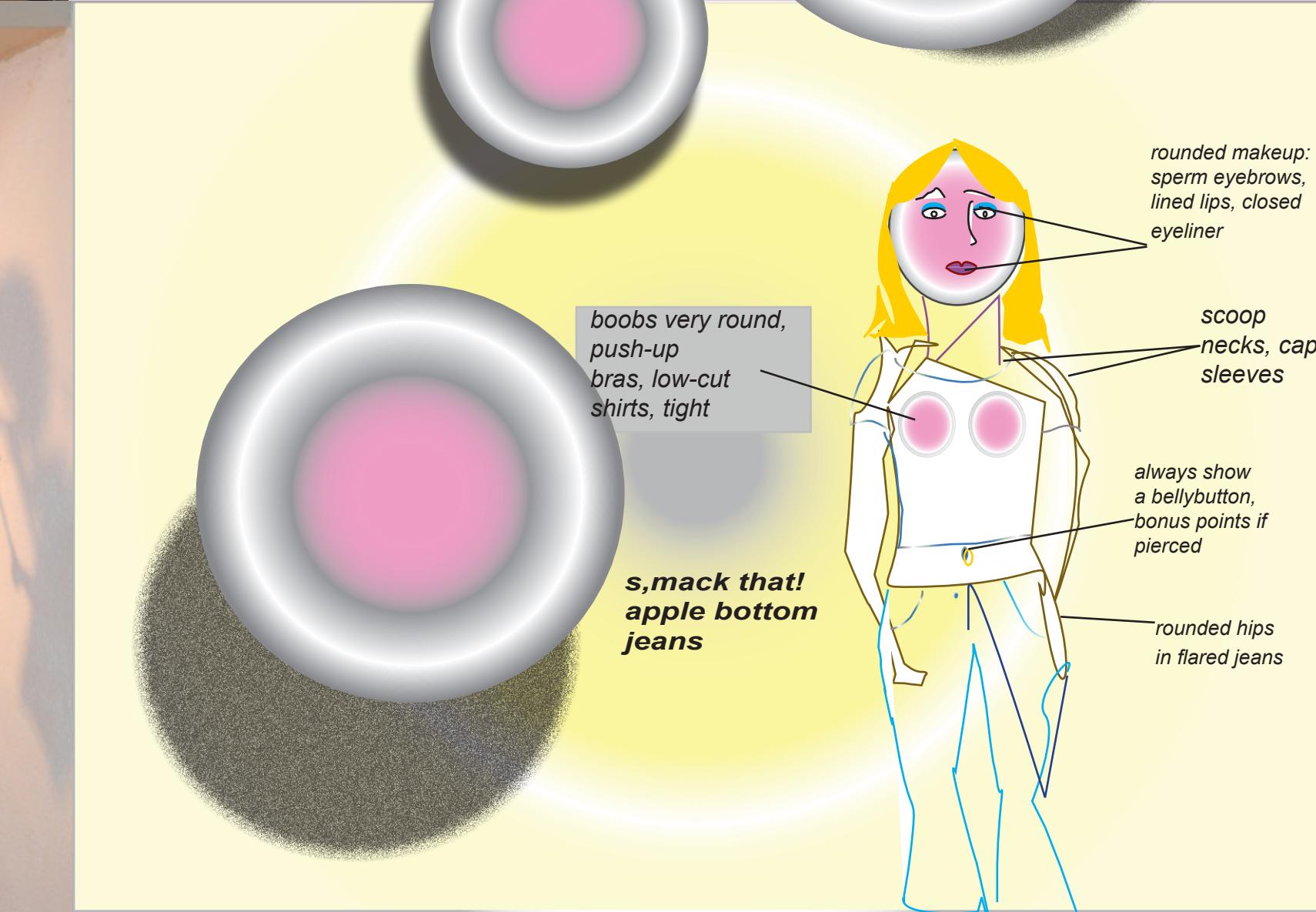
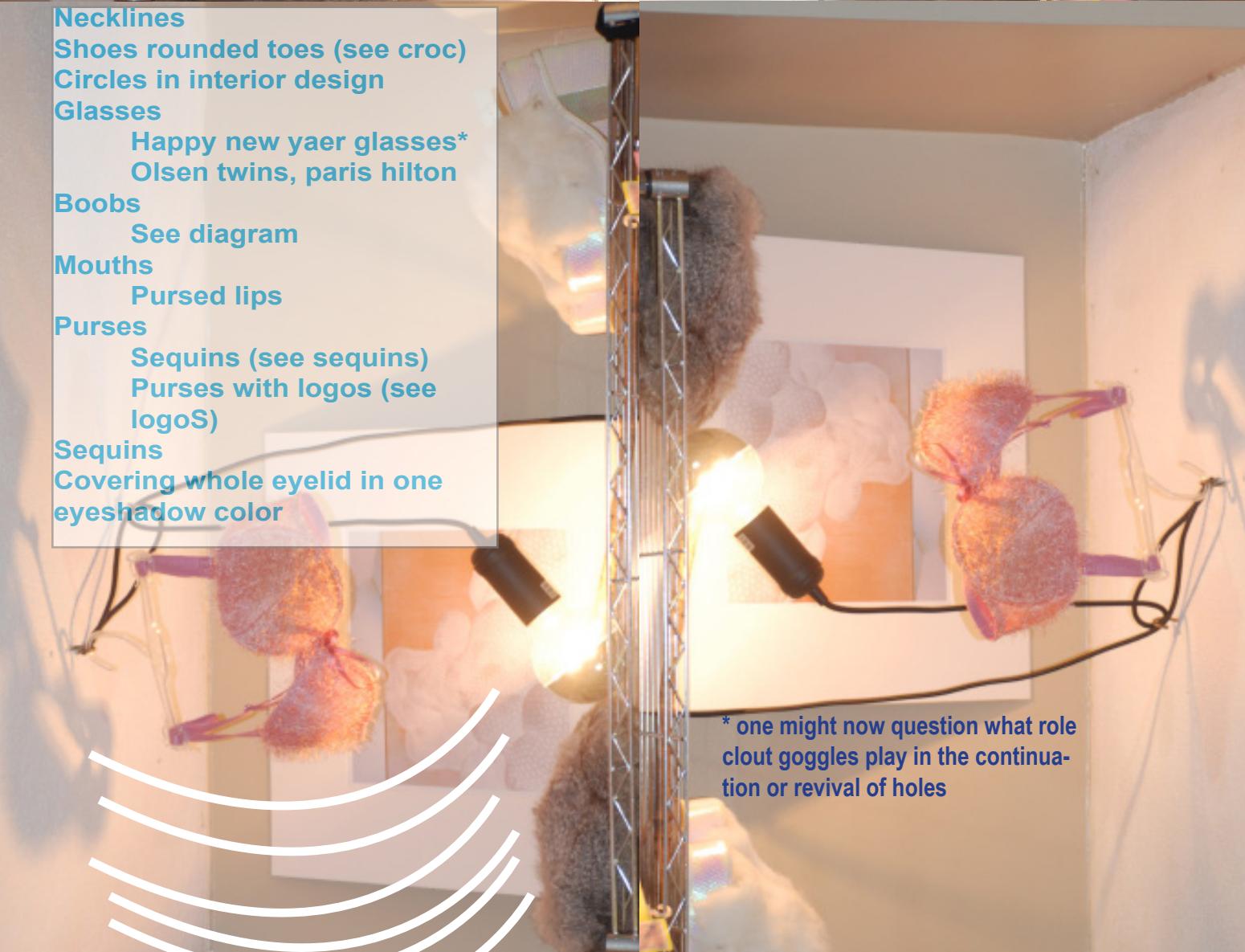
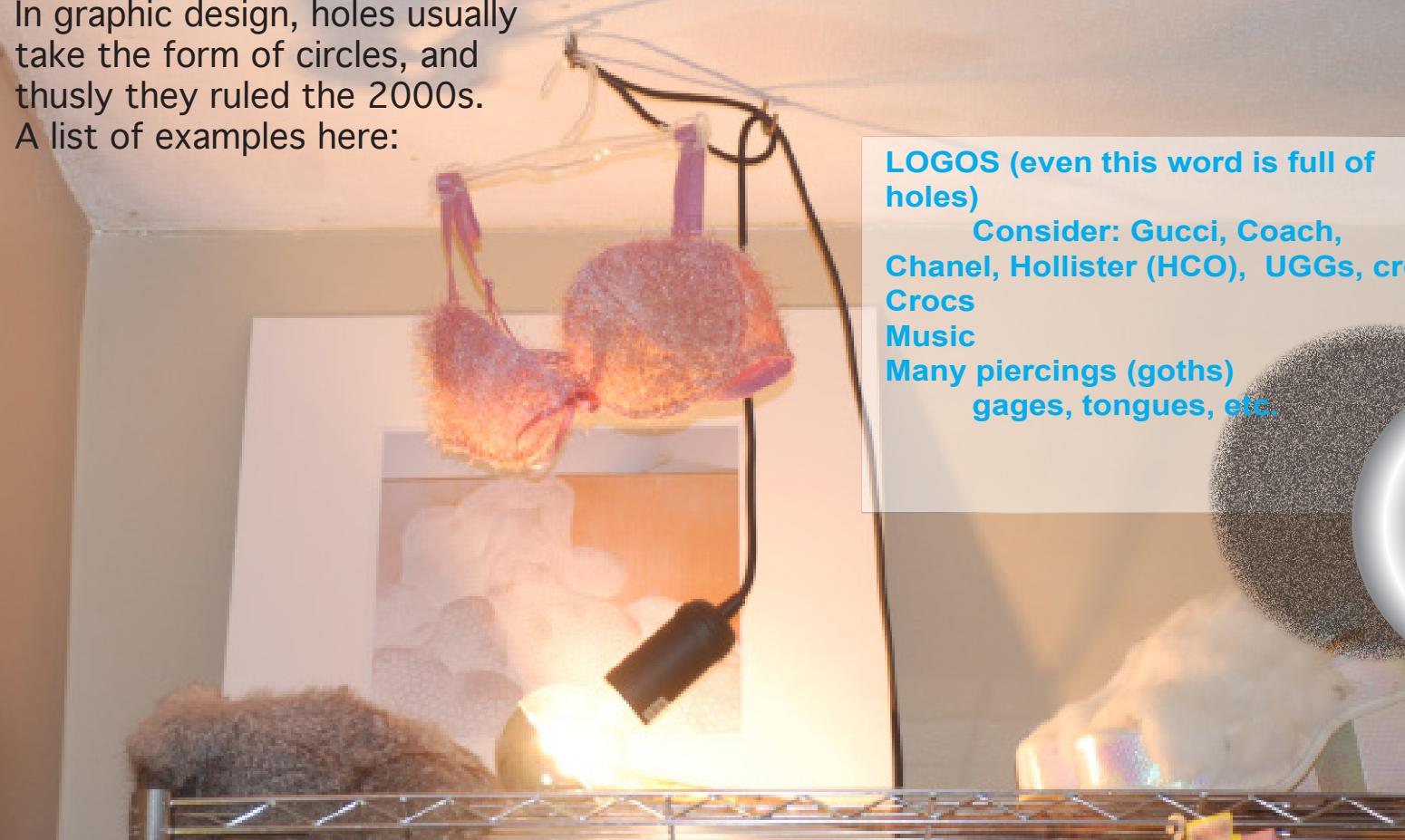
... Because that means theres' something in there
Exactly
Some like full bodied rodent or creature has scurried past.

OR alternatively after I found that bracelet in the sink I pulled it out and left it on the sink and then I put it in the hole and that's behind the flap.
So if the **ghost** comes to retrieve the bracelet that's another potentially unsettling way the flap could close

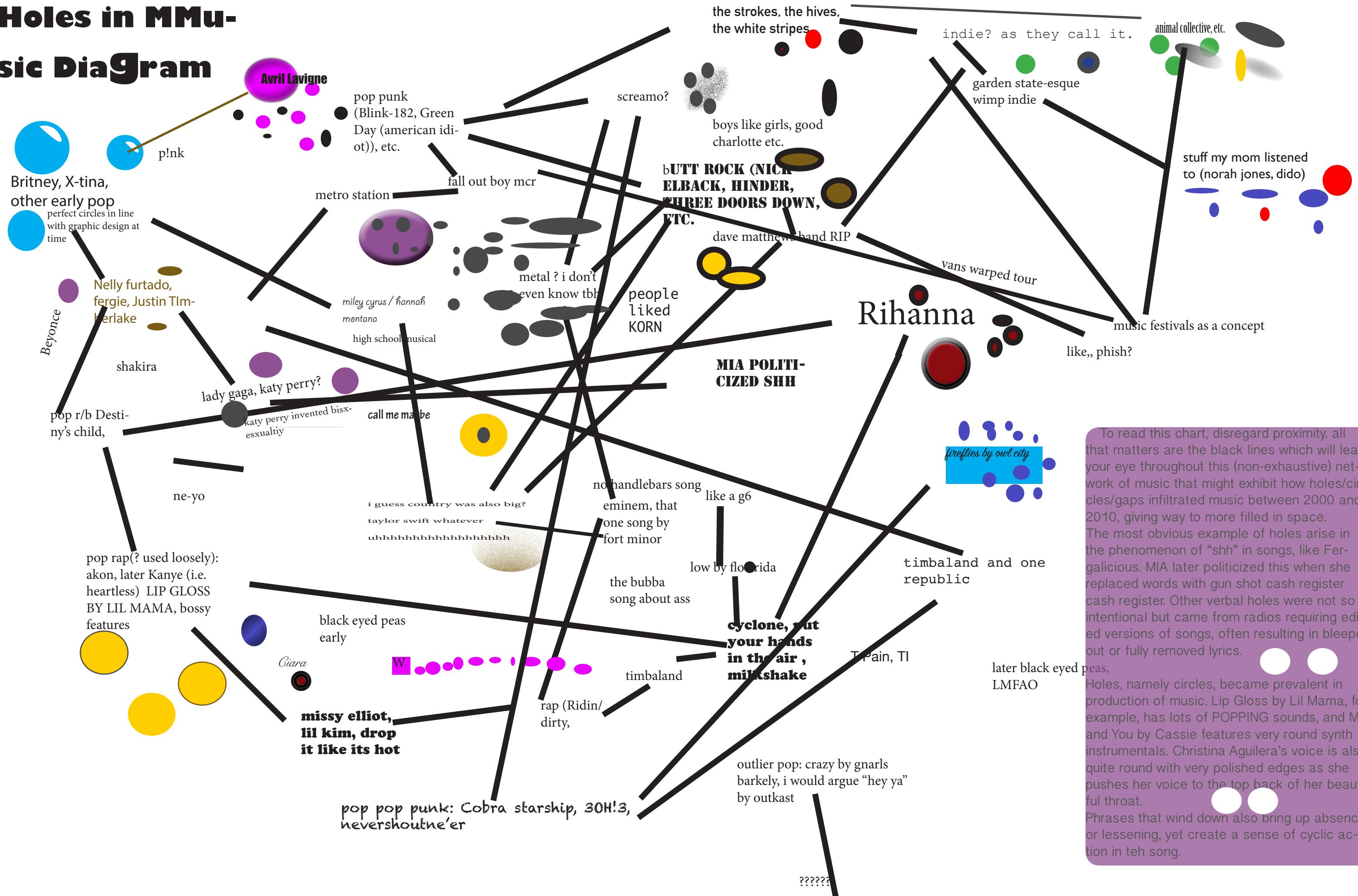
We made good with the ghost

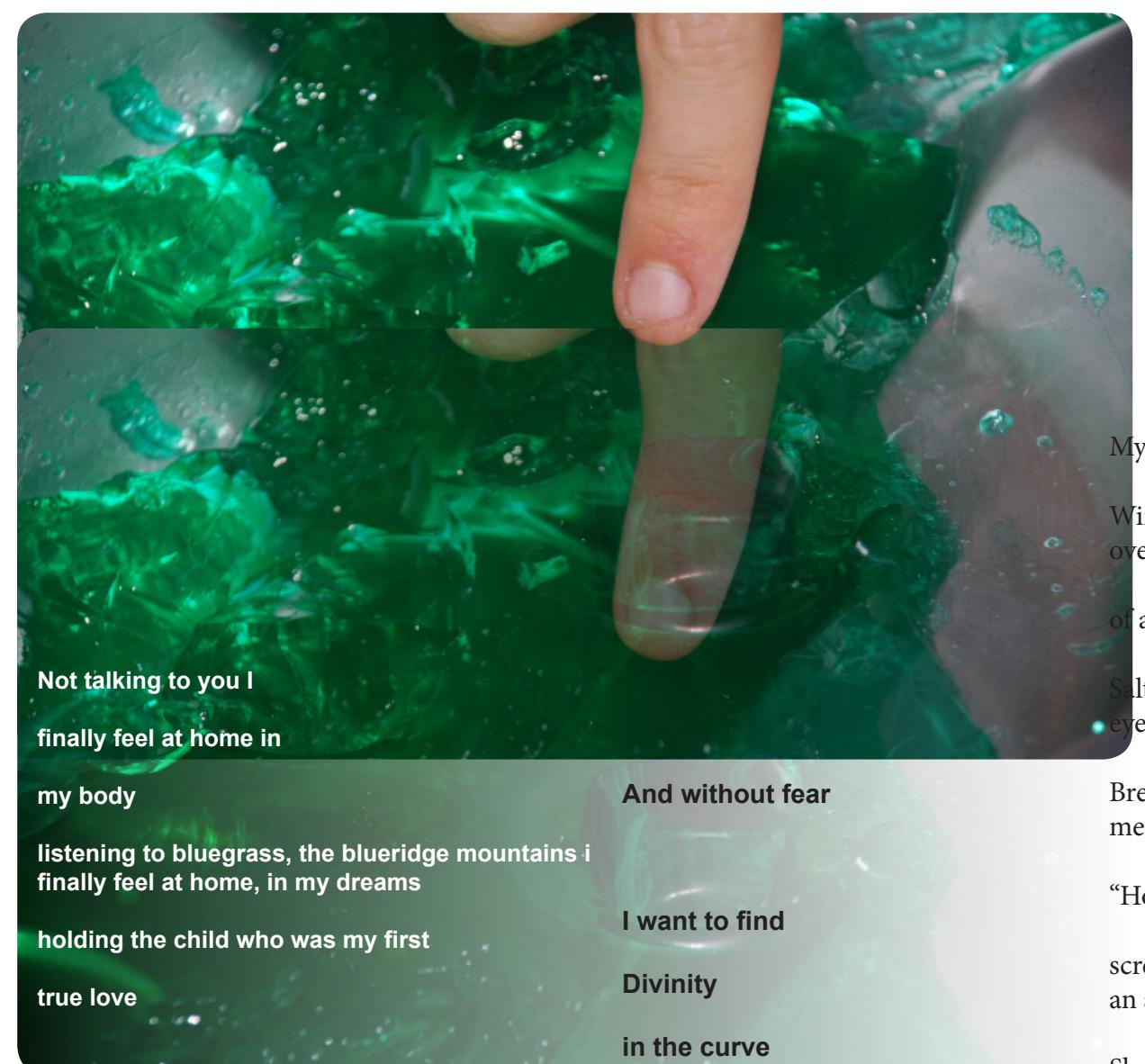


In graphic design, holes usually take the form of circles, and thusly they ruled the 2000s.
A list of examples here:



Holes in MMusic sic Diagram





Not talking to you I
finally feel at home in

my body

listening to bluegrass, the blueridge mountains i
finally feel at home, in my dreams

holding the child who was my first
true love

holes

In my stomach that took my soul away for
Years,

Finally gone as I sit here typing frantically

To bridge space and time

to attempt to hold onto the feeling I have of
Home

Here

in this vast network of young people
attempting to find divinity in each other

We have forgotten the meaning of true relation-
ships, of letting yourself

Love someone deeply

And without fear

I want to find
Divinity
in the curve

Of a horse's back

a Mountaintop
pen on paper

Wisps of golden baby hair

The warm
sweet
scent

of Breast milk

dripping
Out of a sore nipple

My church is
Wind rushing past my ears
over the roar
of a four wheeler engine,
Salty ocean water stinging my
eyes

Bread and butter at every
meal

"Hoppilei!"

screamed out over the Austr-
ian alps, a warm

Sheep's tongue licking salt out
of my hands.

To me these things are the
absence of holes; they fill

A soul
They protect
Against tears in your stomach

Lungs
And heart

I liked
when you said

extreme loneliness allows a
person to listen to the trees.



I have been to the place
where

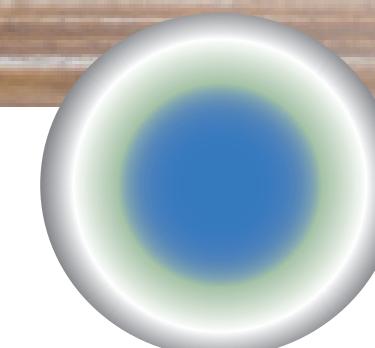
You are so lonely the voic-
es of nature fill you up

There, I have done my
penance

Here

I am whole once again

I have gone to the far cor-
ners of the earth



Crying

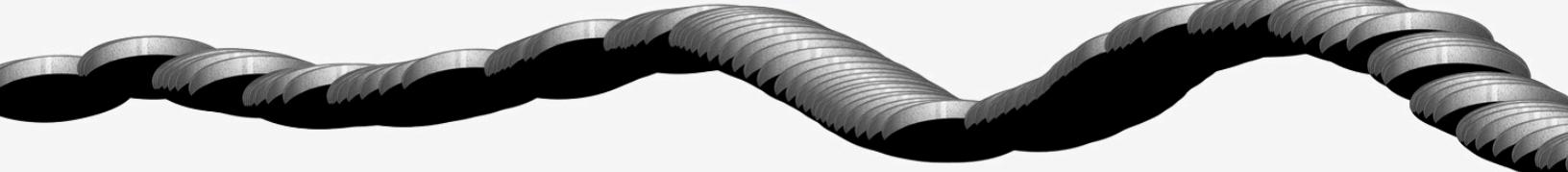
And searching for my soul

I have shown it how much I
love it and now

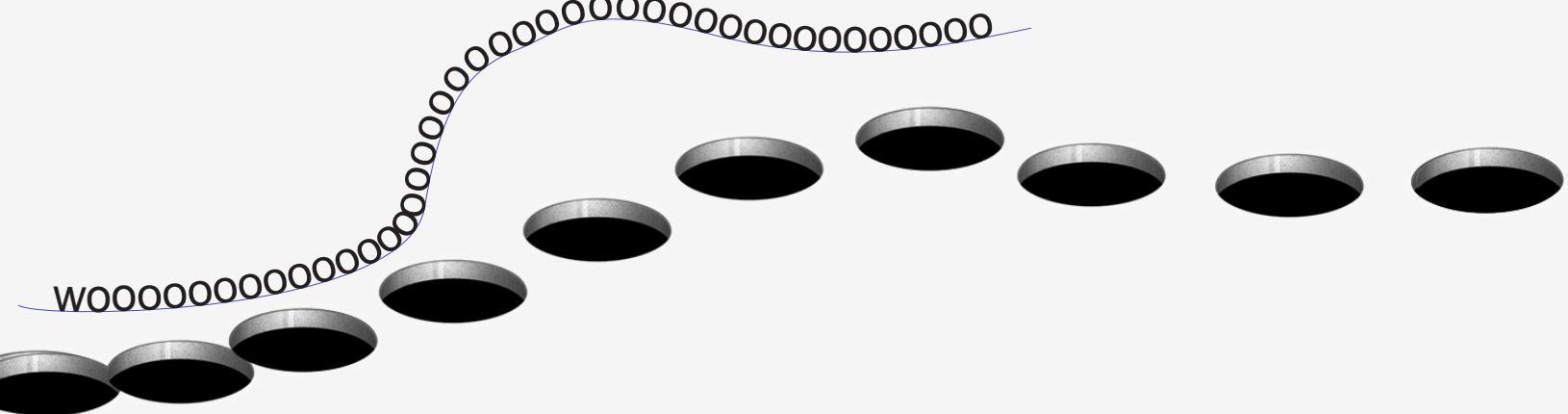
I deserve it back,
Finally

Filling the holes

In my skin



i got a feeling



le under sea
who lives in pineapp

